

OPERATION FURY

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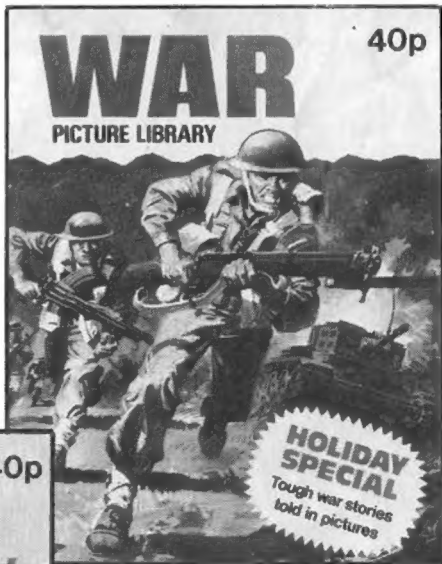
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BIG VALUE HOLIDAY READING

THESE
TWO
GREAT
LIBRARIES
ARE ALSO
ON SALE
NOW!



EACH WITH
192 PAGES
PACKED
WITH
DRAMATIC
BATTLE
ACTION!

OPERATION FURY

ON A FATEFUL MORNING IN SPRING, 1940, NORWEGIANS AWOKE TO THE THUNDEROUS ROAR OF ADOLF HITLER'S INVADING AIRCRAFT. IN ONE NIGHTMARE SWOOP, NAZI JACKBOOTS WERE ABOUT TO STAMP UPON NORWAY'S NEUTRALITY AND MAKE HER A VASSAL STATE IN COMPANY WITH UNHAPPY BELGIUM, HOLLAND AND DENMARK. IT WAS ONE MORE BULLYING TRIUMPH FOR THE ALL-CONQUERING GERMAN REICH.



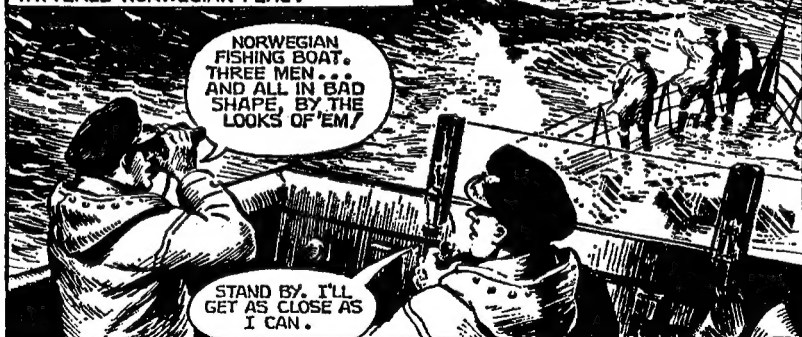
Chapter 1. THE YOUNG VIKINGS

YET CRUSHED AS SHE WAS, INDOMITABLE NORWAY MANAGED TO STRIKE BACK WITH ONE OF THE BIGGEST ACTS OF SABOTAGE EVER DIRECTED AT THE NAZI WAR EFFORT. FOR HER SHIPS' CAPTAINS ON THE HIGH SEAS, PROUD OF NORWAY'S VAST MERCHANT FLEET, PROMPTLY STEAMED FOR FRIENDLY PORTS AND PLACED THEIR VESSELS UNDER ALLIED CONTROL, THUS DEPRIVING HITLER OF FOUR MILLION TONS OF VALUABLE SHIPPING.



THERE WAS MANY A FERVENT ALLIED HANDSHAKE AS EACH NORWEGIAN VESSEL CAME TO A SAFE BERTH.

NEITHER DID NORWAY'S EFFORTS STOP THERE. SHIPS AND SMALL BOATS BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR FROM HER OWN PORTS, PILOTTED BY INTREPID NORWEGIANS. SO IT WAS THAT DURING A BITTER WINTER'S GALE IN THE NORTH SEA, THE CAPTAIN OF A BRITISH MINESWEEPER SIGHTED A STORM-TOSSED FISHING BOAT FLYING A TATTERED NORWEGIAN FLAG.



NORWEGIAN FISHING BOAT.
THREE MEN...
AND ALL IN BAD
SHAPE, BY THE
LOOKS OF 'EM.

STAND BY. I'LL
GET AS CLOSE AS
I CAN.

WITH PATIENT SKILL, THE MINESWEEPER'S CAPTAIN CLOSED HIS SHIP ON THE LITTLE BOAT, AND WILLING SAILORS SNATCHED THE PITFULLY EXHAUSTED CREW TO SAFETY.



TAKEN BELOW, AND FED AND WARMED BY A KINDLY CREW, THE YOUNG NORWEGIANS RECOVERED ENOUGH TO TELL THEIR STORY. THE LEADER GAVE HIS NAME AS JAMIE ANDERSEN AND HE PROUDLY CLAIMED HALF-SCOTTISH DESCENT, FOR HIS MOTHER HAD COME FROM DUNDEE. SPEAKING GOOD ENGLISH, THIS RESOLUTE YOUTH WENT ON CALMLY...



NOW AND THEN, BORGE AND THE FAIR, RATHER FRAIL-LOOKING VIKKA, ADDED THEIR PIECE. ALL THREE HAD ONE THING IN COMMON—THEY WERE DETERMINED TO FIGHT FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

WE ESCAPED TO DO ONE THING—TO HIT BACK AT THE NAZIS!

ENGLAND MUST INVADE NORWAY! WE KNOW THE COAST. WE COULD HELP.

IN TWO DAYS TIME THE THREE ADVENTURERS WERE IN LONDON TELLING THEIR STORY ONCE AGAIN—THIS TIME TO SIR RALPH MADDERS WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF OPERATIONS IN OCCUPIED NORWAY. HE AND MAJOR STARDAL, A NORWEGIAN WAR HERO, WERE IMPRESSED BY THE YOUNG MEN...

WE WELCOME ANY NORWEGIANS WITH YOUR COURAGE AND DETERMINATION. OUR AIM HERE IS TO ORGANISE GUERRILLA WARFARE, ARMED RAIDS AND SABOTAGE IN NORWAY.

GOOD! WHEN DO WE START, SIR?

SMILING, SIR RALPH HAD TO REMIND THE EAGER YOUTHS THAT THEY WOULD FIRST HAVE TO GO THROUGH A COURSE OF SPECIAL TRAINING.

SO THE THREE YOUNG NORWEGIANS WERE SENT TO JOIN OTHERS OF THEIR COUNTRY ON A TESTING COURSE IN COMBAT AND SURVIVAL. JAMIE WAS ALWAYS ANXIOUS FOR THE WEAKER VIKKA, BUT THE BIG-HEARTED BORGE KNEW THAT WHAT VIKKA LACKED IN STAMINA HE MADE UP FOR IN PLUCK.



IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL THERE WERE ENDLESS LECTURES IN WHICH THE PERILS OF THE TASKS AHEAD WERE NOT MINIMISED.



YOUR TRIPS TO NORWAY WILL BE IN SMALL BOATS. THERE WILL BE FLOATING MINES, HOSTILE AIRCRAFT, ENEMY TROOPS GUARDING THE COAST. YOU WILL HAVE TO SMUGGLE IN AGENTS, SABOTEURS AND WAR MATERIALS ON PITCH DARK NIGHTS. OVER A ROCKY COAST. IF YOU ARE CAUGHT - YOU WILL BE SHOT !

AS THE COURSE NEARED ITS END, SIR RALPH MADDERS ARRIVED WITH MAJOR STARDAL AND TALKED WITH JAMIE, ASKING ABOUT HIS HOME IN NORWAY.



LISTENING TO THIS YOUNG NORWEGIAN, SIR RALPH WAS IMPRESSED MORE THAN EVER BY JAMIE'S QUALITIES.

MAYBE YOU'LL SEE YOUR GRANDFATHER SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT. WE'RE SENDING YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO OUR OPERATIONAL BASE IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

THANK YOU, SIR. WE SHALL LOOK FORWARD TO THAT.



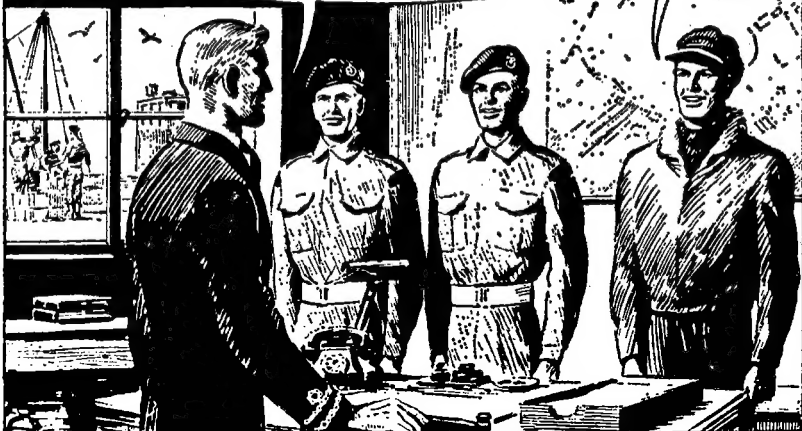
JAMIE, BORGE AND VIKKA FINISHED THEIR TRAINING AND THIRTY HOURS LATER, THEY ARRIVED BY BOAT IN THE REMOTE SHETLAND ISLANDS, KEYED UP BY THE SIGHT OF BRITISH AND NORWEGIAN SAILORS PREPARING FOR SOME ACTION.



THE THREE FRIENDS STEPPED ASHORE AND WERE WELCOMED BY LIEUTENANT CHALDERS, R.N.R., IN CHARGE OF THE BASE. AFTER OUTLINING THEIR DUTIES, HE CONFIDED SOME NEWS WHICH GAVE JAMIE SPECIAL INTEREST.

... AND NOW WE'RE CONSIDERING ORGANISED SHIP-STEALING. I'VE HEARD YOUR HISTORY, ANDERSEN... YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF NORWAY'S COASTAL SHIPPING SHOULD BE USEFUL.

SHIP-STEALING! SEEMS WE'VE JUST ARRIVED IN TIME, SIR!



THE INTERVIEW OVER, THE LIEUTENANT DIRECTED THEM TO THEIR QUARTERS AND THEN TURNED TO JAMIE WITH SOME PERSONAL NEWS.

I HEAR YOU ARE A GRANDSON OF OLD McDOUGALL, THE BOAT-BUILDER. HE'S IN CHARGE OF THE REPAIR YARDS HERE. YOU'D BETTER LOOK HIM UP, BUT DON'T LET HIM BITE YOUR HEAD OFF!

THANK YOU, SIR. HE SOUNDS FIERCE!

THERE'S ANOTHER McDOUGALL AROUND, TOO. THEY CALL HIM GEORDIE.

JAMIE REALISED THAT THIS GEORDIE MUST BE OLD McDOUGALL'S OTHER GRANDSON, HIS SCOTTISH COUSIN!



JAMIE WENT TO HIS QUARTERS WITH BORGE AND VIKKA, AND THEN SLIPPED AWAY TO VISIT OLD McDOUGALL. YET NOW THAT THE LIFELONG WISH TO SEE HIS SCOTTISH GRANDFATHER HAD COME AT LAST, HE FELT UNUSUALLY NERVOUS.

THAT MUST BE GRANDFATHER McDOUGALL POKING AT THAT RUDDER.



JAMIE WAS RIGHT. AND AS HE MADE HIMSELF KNOWN, HE CAUGHT THE SWIFT GLANCE THAT PASSED BETWEEN THE OTHER TWO. THE YOUNG NORWEGIAN SENSED THAT HIS ARRIVAL CAUSED HIS GRANDFATHER NO SURPRISE AND VERY LITTLE PLEASURE. THEIR GREETING WAS CAUTIOUS, ALMOST COOL.

SO YOU'RE JAMIE ANDERSEN ... EH ?

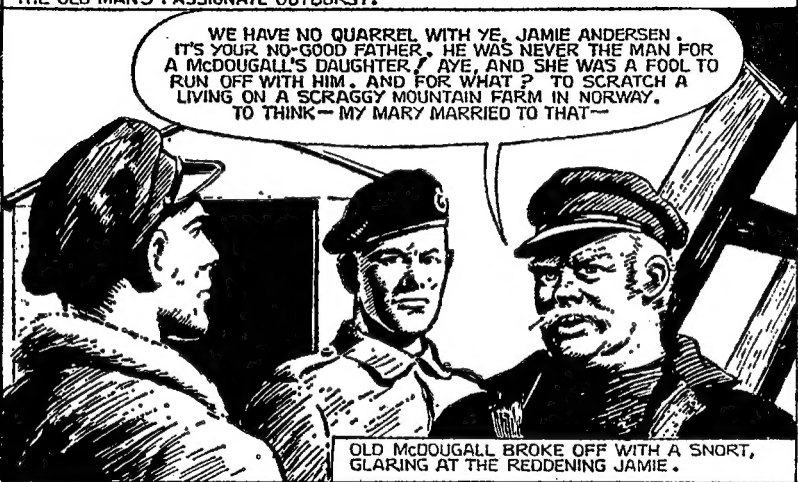
I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU ... ER ... GRANDFATHER.

I DON'T SEEM VERY WELCOME FOR SOME REASON.



JAMIE COULD FEEL THEIR HOSTILITY. EVEN SO, HE WAS SCARCELY PREPARED FOR THE OLD MAN'S PASSIONATE OUTBURST.

WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YE, JAMIE ANDERSEN. IT'S YOUR NO-GOOD FATHER. HE WAS NEVER THE MAN FOR A McDOUGALL'S DAUGHTER. AYE, AND SHE WAS A FOOL TO RUN OFF WITH HIM. AND FOR WHAT? TO SCRATCH A LIVING ON A SCRAGGY MOUNTAIN FARM IN NORWAY. TO THINK—MY MARY MARRIED TO THAT—



OLD McDOUGALL BROKE OFF WITH A SNORT, GLARING AT THE REDDENING JAMIE.

THEN, AS IF HALF-ASHAMED OF HIS WORDS, THE OLD MAN STUMPED OFF, LEAVING JAMIE STINGING WITH ANGER. HE KNEW ALL ABOUT THE RIFT IN THE TWO FAMILIES BUT HE HAD NEVER GUESSED THE UTTER CONTEMPT WHICH THESE McDOUGALLS HAD FOR HIS FATHER.



IT ONLY NEEDED AN ILL-TIMED REMARK FROM GEORDIE McDOUGALL TO GET JAMIE REALLY ROUSED.

I'M TOLD YOUR FATHER COULDN'T FIGHT. ALL MY UNCLES LICKED HIM IN TURN. BUT HE STILL GOT THE GIRL.

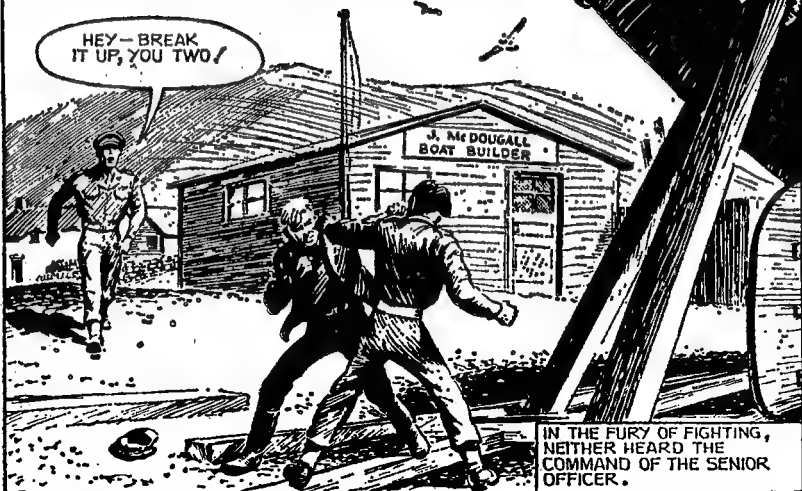


YOU TAKE THAT BACK!



JAMIE'S BLOW HURT, BUT GEORDIE CAME BACK WITH THE SAME MCDUGALL STRENGTH WHICH MUST HAVE BRUISED POOR DAG ANDERSEN YEARS BEFORE. BUT THIS TIME A MCDUGALL HAD MET HIS MATCH IN JAMIE - HIMSELF, PART MCDUGALL.

HEY - BREAK
IT UP, YOU TWO!



IN THE FURY OF FIGHTING,
NEITHER HEARD THE
COMMAND OF THE SENIOR
OFFICER.

THE NEWCOMER WAS MAJOR BECCLES, THE SENIOR COMMANDO OFFICER ON THE BASE. WITH HIS GREAT STRENGTH HE SEPARATED THE FIGHTERS, ROARING HIS DISPLEASURE - BUT INWARDLY HE WAS AMUSED.

NOW CALM DOWN!
YOU'LL GET ALL THE
FIGHTING YOU WANT
SOON ENOUGH!



FROM THAT MOMENT, MAJOR BECCLES TOOK A LIKING TO THE SPIRITED JAMIE, AND AS FROM TIME TO TIME THEY STOPPED TO TALK, THE SENIOR MAN BEGAN TO REALISE JAMIE'S WORTH TO THE ORGANISATION AND ITS AIMS... ESPECIALLY SHIP-STEALING.

SO FAR WE'VE ONLY STOLEN SHIPS ONE AT A TIME. GOT ANY IDEAS HOW WE COULD IMPROVE ON THAT, ANDERSEN?

WELL, MAYBE, SIR, WHEN WE LEFT NORWAY, THE COASTAL SHIPS WERE SAILING IN CONVOYS OF TWO OR THREE—WITH GERMAN ESCORTS, OF COURSE. OFTEN THEY USED TO SHELTER IN BETWEEN SONVIG, OUR VILLAGE, AND THE ISLAND OF VAAGSUND.

ISLAND OF VAAGSUND, EH?

BECCLES ASKED THEM SEVERAL MORE QUESTIONS ABOUT VAAGSUND AND THEN WENT OFF LOOKING VERY THOUGHTFUL.

THE THREE FRIENDS SOON PROVED USEFUL AROUND THE SHETLAND BASE. JAMIE SAW LITTLE OF GEORDIE AND KEPT CLAR OF THE YARDS WHERE OLD McDOUGALL COULD OFTEN BE HEARD BERATING SOME WORKER.



YET, HAPPY AS HE WAS, JAMIE COULD NEVER WATCH A RAIDING PARTY SETTING OUT FOR HIS LOVED NORWAY, WITHOUT A FRETTING WISH TO BE GOING WITH THEM.

THEN, ONE JANUARY DAY, WORD CAME THAT JAMIE WAS REQUIRED IN THE PLANNING ROOM, STANDING BEFORE LIEUTENANT CHALDERS AND MAJOR BECCLES. JAMIE RECOGNISED THE BURLY, MUSCULAR OTTO NILSEN, A NORWEGIAN SEA-CAPTAIN AND AUDACIOUS SABOTEUR. AFTER A FEW BRIEF WORDS THEY BEGAN TO QUESTION JAMIE.



TO ANSWER THEM JAMIE STRODE EAGERLY TO A MAP OF NORWAY, HIS QUICK MIND ALREADY GRASPING THE BOLDLY IMPUDENT PLAN LYING BEHIND THEIR QUESTIONS...



THEY EXPANDED ON THEIR SHIP-
TEALING PLANS AND THEN
STARTLED THE YOUNG NORWEGIAN
WITH A SUGGESTION...

SOMEONE CALLED JOHANNES RIKKER
WILL WARN US BY SECRET
TRANSMITTER WHEN A CONVOY
IS DUE AT VAAGSUND. THEN WE
WILL BE IN TIME TO INTERCEPT IT
THERE.

RIKKER HAS SIGNALLED
TO SAY THAT AN ENEMY POST,
EQUIPPED WITH SEARCHLIGHTS,
KEEPS CONSTANT WATCH ON
THAT COAST. YOU, JAMIE
ANDERSEN, KNOWING THE
DISTRICT, WILL LEAD AN
ATTACK ON THAT POST AND
LIQUIDATE IT.
THEN WE CAN
ATTACK IN THE
DARKNESS.



THAT WINTER WAS ONE OF THE COLDEST IN
MEMORY, BUT IT DID NOT STOP
PREPARATIONS FOR THE RAID. BORGE AND
VIKKA WERE DETAINED TO JAMIE'S RAIDING
PARTY, AND IN HIGH SPIRITS THEY WENT OFF
TO INSPECT THEIR BOAT WHICH, WITH THREE
OTHERS, WAS BEING SPECIALLY EQUIPPED
WITH GUNS AND ARMOUR PLATING.

CLEVER IDEA - GOING IN
THESE DRIFTERS. IF WE'RE SEEN, WE
CAN MIX WITH NORWEGIAN HERRING
BOATS AND LOOK AS INNOCENT AS
ANGELS!

LOOKS LIKE THAT OLD
FIRE-EATER MCDUGALL
IS WORKING ON OUR
BOAT NOW.

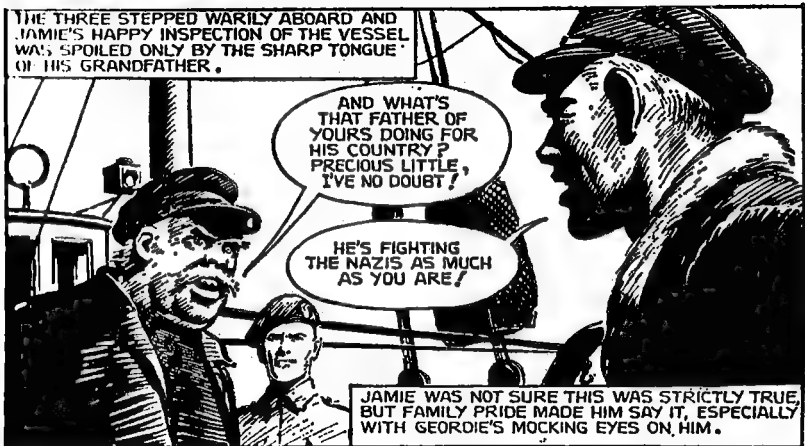


... AND MY
LOVING COUSIN
WITH HIM. THEY SAY
GEORDIE'S COMING TO
VAAGSUND TOO, BAD LUCK!

THE THREE STEPPED WARILY ABOARD AND
JAMIE'S HAPPY INSPECTION OF THE VESSEL
WAS SPOILED ONLY BY THE SHARP TONGUE
OF HIS GRANDFATHER.

AND WHAT'S
THAT FATHER OF
YOURS DOING FOR
HIS COUNTRY?
PRECIOUS LITTLE,
I'VE NO DOUBT!

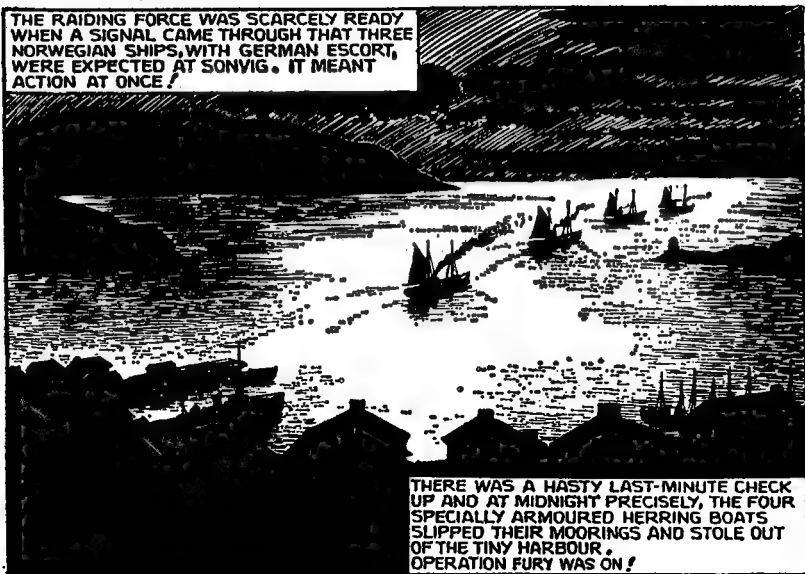
HE'S FIGHTING
THE NAZIS AS MUCH
AS YOU ARE!



JAMIE WAS NOT SURE THIS WAS STRICTLY TRUE,
BUT FAMILY PRIDE MADE HIM SAY IT, ESPECIALLY
WITH GEORDIE'S MOCKING EYES ON HIM.

Chapter 2. RAIDING PARTY

THE RAIDING FORCE WAS SCARCELY READY WHEN A SIGNAL CAME THROUGH THAT THREE NORWEGIAN SHIPS, WITH GERMAN ESCORT, WERE EXPECTED AT SONVIG. IT MEANT ACTION AT ONCE!



THERE WAS A HASTY LAST-MINUTE CHECK UP AND AT MIDNIGHT PRECISELY, THE FOUR SPECIALLY ARMOURD HERRING BOATS SLIPPED THEIR MOORINGS AND STOLE OUT OF THE TINY HARBOUR. OPERATION FURY WAS ON!

AS THE BOATS FORGED THROUGH THE DARK WINTER SEAS, JAMIE GLANCED ABOUT HIM WITH A SUDDEN FIERCE JOY. THIS WAS HIS MOMENT AT LAST! HE WAS PART OF A POWERFULLY ARMED RAID BY SEA, IN THE COMPANY OF TRAINED FIGHTERS, BRITISH COMMANDOS AND NORWEGIAN PATRIOTS, AND LED BY SUCH MEN AS MAJOR BECCLES AND CAPTAIN OTTO NILSEN.



DAWN BROKE COLD AND CLEAR WITH A HEAVY SWELL THAT TRIED THE SEA-LEGS OF ALL BUT THE EXPERIENCED SEAFARERS. THE SHORT AFTERNOON TURNED TO DUSK. IN SIX HOURS THEY WOULD BE NEARING VAAGSUND, AND MAJOR BECCLES SENT FOR JAMIE.

I WANT TO CHECK OUR LANDING SPOT, JAMIE. CAN'T AFFORD ANY SLIP-UPS. ONCE ON VAAGSUND OUR BOATS WILL RETURN TO BASE. WE WILL HAVE TO FIND OUR OWN TRANSPORT BACK! ANY IDEAS SO FAR?

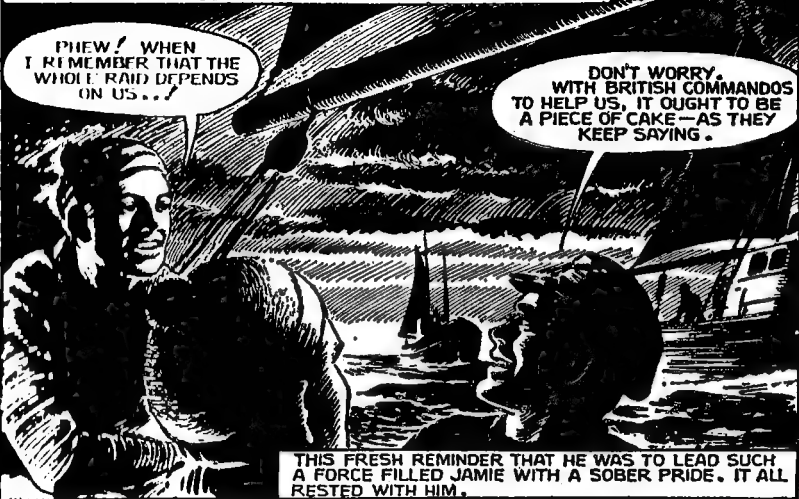
YES, SIR—TIMING OUR ARRIVAL. WE MUST NOT BE SEEN APPROACHING FROM SO FAR OUT OR JERRY WILL GET SUSPICIOUS. WE MUST GET THERE IN DARKNESS.



HAVING THE WHEELHOUSE, JAMIE JOINED BORGE AND VIKKA IN THE STERN, AND FOR THE LAST TIME WENT OVER WITH THEM ON THEIR OWN SPECIAL JOB—TO FIND AND OVERPOWER THE GERMAN JARHLIGHT CREWS.

PHIEW! WHEN I REMEMBER THAT THE WHOLE RAID DEPENDS ON US...

DON'T WORRY. WITH BRITISH COMMANDOS TO HELP US, IT OUGHT TO BE A PIECE OF CAKE—AS THEY KEEP SAYING.



THIS FRESH REMINDER THAT HE WAS TO LEAD SUCH A FORCE FILLED JAMIE WITH A SOBER PRIDE. IT ALL RESTED WITH HIM.

BUT EVEN AS JAMIE REASSURED THEM, THE EXPEDITION RAN INTO TROUBLE. FLOATING MINES, EVER THE SCOURGE OF THE SHETLAND RAIDERS, NOW CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM. THE VESSEL BEHIND JAMIE'S HAD THE BAD LUCK TO TOUCH ONE OF THESE DEATH-TRAPS . . .



JAMIE'S PROMPT SHOUT BROUGHT THEIR BOAT TO A STOP AND SCURRYING FIGURES APPEARED, HEAVING LIFELINES. AS A WAVE SLEWED THE FOUNDERING VESSEL NEARER, HER SURVIVORS LEAPT FOR THEIR LIVES, GASPING IN THE ICY WATER.



SUDDENLY, VIKKA POINTED TO SOMEONE THRASHING ABOUT CLOSE TO THE SINKING BOAT, AND THEY SAW A WAVE-SWEPT FACE LIFTED IN ANGUISH. A DESPAIRING CRY REACHED THEIR EARS.



LIKE A FLASH, VIKKA WAS UP ON THE STERN AND DIVING TO THE RESCUE...



IN THE SAME SECOND THAT VIKKA DIVED, JAMIE RECOGNISED THE FLOUNDERING VICTIM — IT WAS HIS COUSIN, GEORDIE. FOR A LONG MOMENT THE ENMITY BETWEEN THEM HELD JAMIE ROOTED TO THE SPOT.



HE SAW THE PLUCKY VIKKA REACH GEORDIE BUT THE OTHER VANISHED BENEATH THE WAVES. SOMETHING WAS PULLING HIM DOWN — A ROPE PERHAPS. AS IF PARALYSED, JAMIE STOOD WATCHING VIKKA DIVE AND SURFACE AND DIVE AGAIN.

THEN SUDDENLY, JAMIE CAME TO LIFE. FEARING FOR VIKKA, HE, TOO, PLUNGED IN AND SWAM TO HELP. HE FOUND THE PAIR OF THEM UNDERWATER WITH VIKKA WEAKLY TRYING TO FREE GEORDIE'S ANKLE WHICH WAS ENTWINED IN A ROPE.



WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE
BEFORE GEORDIE WAS DRAGGED
TO THE DEPTHS, JAMIE SLASHED
THROUGH THE ROPE WITH HIS KNIFE.



JAMIE GRASPED HIS SEMI-CONSCIOUS COUSIN AND KICKED OUT FOR THE
SURFACE WHERE OTTO NILSEN HAD DEFTLY BROUGHT HIS BOAT CLOSE ALONGSIDE.

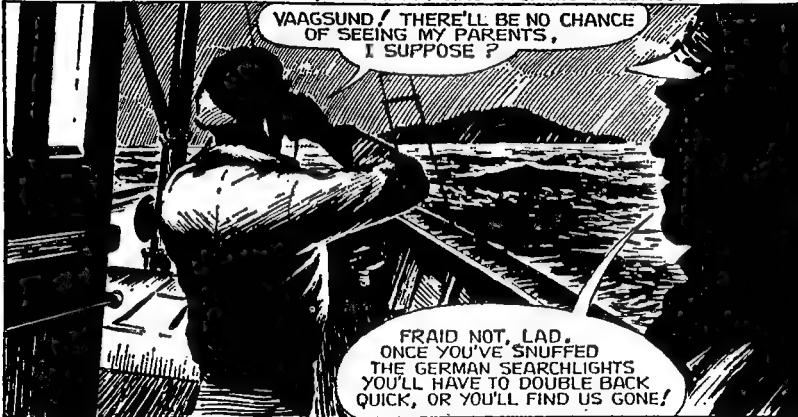


PRECIOUS TIME WAS LOST LOOKING FOR FURTHER SURVIVORS. FINALLY, FIFTEEN MEN HAD TO BE ACCOUNTED MISSING, AND IN SUBDUED SPIRITS OPERATION RURY STEAMED ON, RACING AGAINST THE FLEETING NIGHT HOURS.



WHILE GEORDIE LAY BELOW, RECOVERING WITH VIKKA, JAMIE KEPT BESIDE OTTO NILSEN IN THE WHEEL-HOUSE—NOT WANTING GEORDIE'S THANKS, IN FACT, NOT WANTING ANYTHING TO DO WITH A McDOUGALL.

FOR A FEW MORE HOURS THEY SKIMMED OVER THE DARK SEAS AND THEN OTTO PEERING AHEAD, GRUNTED WITH SATISFACTION. JAMIE RAISED HIS BINOCULARS AND HIS HEART LEAPT... THERE, RISING LIKE A CRAGGY HUNCHBACK OUT OF THE SEA, STOOD VAAGSUND ISLAND, THE HAPPY HAUNT OF HIS CHILDHOOD.



VAAGSUND! THERE'LL BE NO CHANCE
OF SEEING MY PARENTS,
I SUPPOSE?

FRAID NOT, LAD.
ONCE YOU'VE SNUFFED
THE GERMAN SEARCHLIGHTS
YOU'LL HAVE TO DOUBLE BACK
QUICK, OR YOU'LL FIND US GONE!

THE LANDING OF MEN, ARMS AND STORES BY INFLATABLE RAFTS ON THE TURBULENT SEAWARD SIDE OF VAAGSUND, WAS FRAUGHT WITH PERIL. IT NEEDED ALL THE STRENGTH AND SKILL OF THE TOUGH COMMANDOS TO DRIVE THEIR RAFTS THROUGH THE SURF, AVOIDING THE ROCKY FANGS STICKING OUT OF THE SEA.



WHEN THE MEN WERE ASSEMBLED ASHORE, MAJOR BECCLES GOT JAMIE TO LEAD THEM THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND. THERE, EXACTLY AS JAMIE HAD DESCRIBED IT, WAS THE QUIET NECK OF WATER HALF A MILE BROAD, SEPARATING THEM FROM THE LITTLE FISHING PORT OF SONVIG.



JAMIE THOUGHT WISTFULLY OF HIS HOME UP THERE IN THE HILLS ABOVE SONVIG.

IF ONLY I COULD LET THEM KNOW THAT I WAS HERE — JUST ACROSS THE WATER — ON A RAID WITH THE BRITISH COMMANDOS!

THEN HE SHOWED BECCLES AND OTTO NILSEN A CAVERN WHERE THE FORCE COULD REST AND LIGHT FIRES UNSEEN, FOR IT WAS BITTERLY COLD. THE WIRELESS OPERATOR HAD SIGNALLED THE SHETLAND BASE OF THEIR SAFE ARRIVAL AND NOW HE CAME UP WITH A MESSAGE JUST RECEIVED FROM THERE.

GOOD! THE NORWEGIAN CONVOY ARRIVES TOMORROW EVENING... THREE CARGO VESSELS... AND AN ARMED GERMAN TRAWLER.

MAJOR BECCLES PASSED THE GOOD NEWS ON TO THE MEN AND ALSO GAVE THEM REMINDERS ON THE TASK AHEAD OF THEM.

WE'LL SPLIT INTO THREE PARTIES—ONE FOR EACH CARGO SHIP—LED BY CAPTAIN NILSEN, MYSELF AND LIEUTENANT CROWTHER HERE. REMEMBER—WE CAPTURE RATHER THAN KILL. IF THE NORWEGIAN CREWS RESIST, YOU WILL HAVE TO BE FIRM.

WE UNDERSTAND, SIR. CRACK 'EM FIRST AND SAY WE'RE SORRY AFTERWARDS!

WITH DAYLIGHT, JAMIE AND BORGE WENT OFF TO SCAN THE MAINLAND FOR GERMAN SEARCHLIGHTS. THE FIRST THING JAMIE LOOKED FOR WAS HIS HOME. THEN THE COLOUR DRAINED FROM HIS FACE. HIS FATHER'S HOUSE WAS BEING USED AS A GERMAN LOOK-OUT POST!

A GROAN OF DISMAY ESCAPED JAMIE. WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS MOTHER AND FATHER? HAD THEY BEEN TAKEN BY THE GERMANS—TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP?

WITH A TROUBLED MIND, JAMIE FINISHED THE RECONNAISSANCE AND THEN HE AND BORGE, THE TWO YOUNG NORWEGIANS, RETURNED TO THE CAVERN HIDE-OUT, WHERE THEY REPORTED TO MAJOR BECCLES. THE OFFICER LISTENED GRIMLY AND THEN BECKONED GEORDIE TO JOIN THEM.



JAMIE STUDIED HIS COUSIN IN SILENCE. HE SENSED THAT THIS WAS A GESTURE OF REPAYMENT BY GEORDIE FOR SAVING HIS LIFE—AN EFFORT TO MAKE FRIENDS. BUT JAMIE COULD NOT FORGET GEORDIE'S SLUR ON HIS FATHER—DAG ANDERSEN. HIS REPLY WAS STIFFLY UNBENDING.



AT DUSK THE EXPECTED CONVOY ARRIVED - THREE NORWEGIAN COASTAL VESSELS AND A GERMAN ARMED TRAWLER. LIEUTENANT CROWTHER, THE LEADER OF THE THIRD BOARDING PARTY, VOICED EVERYONE'S THOUGHT, BUT OTTO NILSEN GRUNTED A WARNING.

GOOD / THREE SHIPS IN
A HANDY BUNCH NEAR US, AND
THE GERMAN TRAWLER OUT OF
THE WAY OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE.
PIECE OF CAKE!

IT'S COLD ENOUGH TO
FREEZE. THAT MEANS ICE.
WE MUST DO THIS JOB AT
ONCE, TONIGHT, AND GET
AWAY QUICKLY.



AS SOON AS DARKNESS FELL, JAMIE'S RAIDING PARTY WAS ASSEMBLED BY THE WATER'S EDGE AND, WITH A FEW FINAL WORDS FROM MAJOR BECCLES, THEY FINISHED OFF FOR THE MAINLAND OPPOSITE. THE ICE THAT OTTO HAD PROPHESED WAS ALREADY FORMING ON THE WATER.

REMEMBER - NO NOISE - NO
SHOOTING, UNLESS YOU HAVE TO. WRECK
THE SEARCHLIGHTS AND GET BACK SHARP -
I DON'T LIKE THIS ICE.



JAMIE TOOK GEORDIE AND THREE COMMANDOS IN ONE RAFT WHILE BORGE TOOK CHARGE OF THE SECOND WITH FOUR MORE COMMANDOS.



JAMIE FELT NO FEAR—ONLY THE URGE TO REACH HIS HOME. NOT EVEN THE ICE, CRACKLING UNDER THEIR PADDLES AND THREATENING TO PIERCE THEIR RUBBER RAFTS, COULD DAUNT HIM.

WHEN JAMIE'S PARTY HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARKNESS, THE MAIN FORCE BEGAN CHECKING EQUIPMENT AND INFLATING THEIR OWN RAFTS. THERE WAS MANY A RUEFUL GLANCE AT THE GATHERING ICE, FOR SIX OF THE FROGMEN WERE TO SWIM OUT AND ATTACH LIMPET MINES TO THE GERMAN TRAWLER.

SO FAR SO GOOD. ARE YOUR MEN ALL SET, OTTO, TO BOARD THE FIRST SHIP?

YES, BUT THIS ICE WILL BE A NUISANCE. TOO NOISY.



Chapter 3. QUISLING!

OPERATION FURY NOW
BEGAN IN EARNEST. CREEPING
TOWARD THE STERN OF THE
HOPWILMAN BOATS, JAMIE'S
PARTY HAD NEARLY REACHED
THE OTHER SIDE WHEN A
CHALLENGE RANG OUT FROM
THE DECK OF THE GERMAN
DRAWER.

ACHTUNG!
WHO IS
THERE?

HEADS
DOWN / DON'T
MOVE!

HAD THEY BEEN SEEN, OR MERELY
HEARD? JAMIE'S PARTY STEELED
THEMSELVES FOR THE BURST OF BULLETS
THAT MIGHT COME.

A GERMAN CURSE FLOATED OVER THE WATER AND THEN CAME SILENCE. THE TRAWLER LOOK-OUT, NO DOUBT NUMB WITH COLD, GAVE IT UP. JAMIE QUIETLY SIGNALLED TO PRESS ON, BUT NOW SEARCHLIGHTS BEGAN TO SWEEP THE DARK WATERS IN FITFUL SPASMS.

SEARCHLIGHTS!

PADDE
FASTER—BUT
QUIETLY!



AS JAMIE'S PARTY REACHED A DESOLATE BEACH, THE SEARCHLIGHTS SHONE IN FULL BRILLIANCE. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GO FARTHER IN THE DINGHIES WITHOUT BEING SEEN, SO THE COMMANDOS HID THEM AND FOLLOWED THEIR YOUNG LEADER INLAND TOWARDS THE HILLS.

IT'S FREEZING HARD,
BORGE!

LET'S HOPE THE
JERRIES ARE HUDDLED
ROUND THEIR
STOVES!



JAMIE LED THE WAY OVER FAMILIAR FOOTPATHS UNTIL THEY REACHED HIGHER GROUND AND FOUND THEY WERE ON A LEVEL WITH THE SEARCHLIGHT POSTS. NEXT MOMENT, JAMIE WAS GAZING AT THE HUDDLE OF FARM BUILDINGS THAT WAS HIS HOME AND HE WENT BILEY WITH ANGER AT THE THOUGHT OF NAZIS LIVING IN THAT WELL LOVED HOME.



MOVING BACK CAUTIOUSLY TO REJOIN HIS PARTY, JAMIE TRIPPED ON SOMETHING WHICH HE FOUND TO BE AN ELECTRIC CABLE. IT WAS NO PROBLEM TO GUESS ITS PURPOSE...

THE CABLE MUST CARRY THE CURRENT TO THE SEARCHLIGHTS. WHO'S GOT THE INSULATED CUTTERS?



RIGHT HERE, JAMIE. WE'LL SOON CUT THAT LITTLE LOT OFF IN THEIR PRIME!

WELL, THAT'S DOUSED ONE OF THE SEARCHLIGHTS, ANYWAY!



TAKE COVER! JERRY WILL COME TRACING THE BREAK — THEN WE'LL GRAB HIM.

THE GERMAN CREW INSPECTED THEIR FAILED LIGHT WITH GRUNTS OF PUZZLEMENT, AND THEN, AS JAMIE FORESAW, THEY STARTED TRACING BACK DOWN THE LENGTH OF CABLE — TOWARDS THE AMBUSH.



ALL UNSUSPECTING, THE GERMANS STEPPED INTO THE STEELY ARMS OF THE WAITING COMMANDOS.



LEAVING THE GERMANS TRAPPED AND HELPLESS, THE PARTY CREEPT CLOSE TO THE HOUSE. SUDDENLY THE FRONT DOOR OPENED, AND A GERMAN SOLDIER STEPPED OUT AND STARTED TOWARDS THE BLACKED OUT LIGHT.

HE'LL GO BACK TO REPORT. PROBABLY OFFICERS IN THERE.



FOLLOWING, THE REMAINING COMMANDOS TOOK THEM ROUND TO THE BACK OF THE BUILDING. JAMIE TOOK GEORDIE AND REPORTED TO THE SHADOW OF THE FRONT DOOR.



AS JAMIE AND GEORDIE PAUSED AT THE FRONT DOOR, THERE CAME SOUNDS OF MUFFLED SHOUTS AND SCUFFLING FROM THE SECOND SEARCHLIGHT POSITION... SOUNDS HEARD BY THE NAZIS INSIDE...



AS A FIGURE APPEARED IN THE LIGHT, JAMIE BROUGHT HIS PISTOL BUTT SHARPLY DOWN... AND THE MAN FELL WITHOUT A SOUND.



INSTANTLY, JAMIE SPRANG INTO THE ROOM, HIS PISTOL OUT-THRUST MENACINGLY.



A GROAN FROM THE INJURED MAN AT THE DOOR MADE JAMIE WING ROUND—AND A LOOK OF HORROR AND DISBELIEF CROSSED HIS FACE.



HIS FATHER, DAG ANDERSEN, DRESSED IN THE HATED UNIFORM OF THE "NATIONAL FRONT"—THE DETESTED ARMY OF TRAITOR-QUISLINGS!

DAG ANDERSEN RAISED A THROBBING HEAD AND FOR THE FIRST TIME RECOGNISED JAMIE, HIS SON. THE OLDER MAN'S SMILE OF SURPRISED WELCOME FROZE AS HE SAW THE LOOK IN JAMIE'S FACE...



YOU? A QUISLING? WORKING FOR THE GERMANS?



STILL FLUSHING WITH ANGER, JAMIE MARCHED THE GERMANS OUT OF THE ROOM AND LOCKED THEM IN THE STONE CELLAR. WHEN HE RETURNED, HE FOUND THE COMMANDOS STARING CURIOUSLY AT DAG ANDERSEN - ALL SAVE BORGE!



WHEN THE MEN LEARNED ABOUT DAG ANDERSEN, THEY BECAME ANGRY AND WANTED TO TRUSS HIM UP WITH THE OTHERS. JAMIE HAD GREAT DIFFICULTY IN STOPPING THEM.



SUDDENLY, A LOOKOUT RAISED THE ALARM AND THE COMMANDOS SPURTED FOR COVER OUTSIDE THE HOUSE. JAMIE TURNED IN THE DOORWAY TO ASK AFTER HIS MOTHER...

YOUR MOTHER'S
IN TRONDHEIM, JAMIE--
QUITE SAFE. BUT,
JAMIE...

DAG ANDERSEN SEEMED TO WANT
TO SAY MORE, BUT JAMIE DARE
NOT DELAY.

HE FOUND THE OTHERS IMPATIENTLY WAITING TO GET
BACK AND AS HE LED THEM TO THE SHORE, THEIR
MUTTERED GRIEVANCES MADE HIM BURN WITH SHAME
FOR HIS FATHER.

WE DON'T CARE
IF HE IS YOUR FATHER,
ANDERSEN, WE DON'T
TRUST HIM.

I BET
HE'LL RAISE THE
ALARM.

Chapter 4. ICE HAZARD

MEANWHILE, BACK ON VAAGSUND ISLAND, BECCLES HAD BEEN ACTIVE. SEEING THE TWO SEARCHLIGHTS GO OUT, THE MAJOR SET THINGS IN MOTION AND ANXIOUSLY WATCHED AS OTTO NILSEN GOT AWAY WITH THE FIRST BOARDING PARTY. THE TEMPERATURE HAD PLUNGED AND THE ICE WAS THICKENING, WHICH MADE THE LAUNCHINGS DIFFICULT...

WE'RE
STARTING NONE TOO
SOON, SIR.

YOU'RE RIGHT,
CROWTHER. THIS ICE
COULD GUM UP THE
WHOLE WORKS.

CAPTAIN NILSEN'S PARTY SLIPPED AND SLITHERED ON THE ICE WHICH TOOK THEIR WEIGHT IN SOME PLACES AND GAVE WAY IN OTHERS. SOAKED AND FREEZING THOUGH THEY WERE, THE MEN RESPONDED GALLANTLY TO THEIR LEADER'S EXAMPLE.



HEARING THE NOISE ALL THIS EFFORT PRODUCED, BECCLES DESPAIRED OF A SURPRISE ATTACK. OTTO WOULD SURELY BE HEARD ON THE SHIP. SUDDENLY THE WORRIED MAJOR MADE A BITTER DECISION...

THIS ISN'T HOW WE PLANNED IT, CROWTHER. I'M CALLING OFF THE REST OF THE ATTACK. TELL THE MEN.



BUT OTTO NILSEN'S PARTY WAS TOO FAR GONE TO BE RECALLED.

FOR A WHILE OTTO'S PARTY FARED WELL BUT FEARING THAT THE NOISE THEY HAD MADE MIGHT HAVE RUINED SURPRISE, HE SIGNALLED THE OTHER TWO RAFTS TO APPROACH FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE DIMLY SEEN SHIP.



OTTO'S RAFT FLOATED SILENTLY UNDER THE SHIP'S SIDE. SUDDENLY, A GUTTURAL CHALLENGE RANG OUT FROM THE DECK-RAIL ABOVE.



LUCKILY, ONLY THEIR VAGUE OUTLINE COULD BE SEEN AGAINST THE DARK SEA. GUESSING THIS, OTTO COOLLY ENGAGED THE GERMANS ABOVE IN TALK, MAKING OUT THAT THEY WERE DISGRUNTLED FISHERMEN...



MEANWHILE, OTTO'S TWO OTHER CREWS HAD WORKED THEIR RAFTS FORWARD TO THE ANCHOR CHAIN, BUT ITS TREACHEROUS, ICE-COATED LENGTH PROVED AN UNEXPECTED OBSTACLE.



AT LAST, THE COMMANDOS GAINED THE DECK AND, AS SILENTLY AS SHADOWS, TOOK THE TWO GUARDS FROM BEHIND AS THEY LEANED OVER THE RAIL.



IN A FEW SWIFT MINUTES THE WHOLE PARTY WAS ABOARD THE DESERTED DECKS. EACH MAN KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE HAD TO DO...



SOON THE SHIP WAS ASTIR WITH PROTESTING VOICES. THE NORWEGIAN CAPTAIN AND DECK-HANDS GAVE LITTLE TROUBLE, BUT THE ENGINE-ROOM CREW OBJECTED STRONGLY TO HANDING OVER THEIR CAREFULLY-NURSED MACHINERY. THEY WERE DRAGGED ON DECK, STILL STRUGGLING FURIOUSLY.



BACK ON VAAGSUND ISLAND, A SILENT COMPANY OF MEN WAITED FOR THE OUTCOME OF NILSEN'S ATTEMPT. PRICKED BY NAGGING DOUBTS, MAJOR BECCLES NOW BEGAN ASKING HIMSELF UNEASY QUESTIONS...



MEANWHILE, JAMIE WAS LEADING HIS PARTY BACK TOWARDS THE SHORE OF THE MAINLAND WHEN THE APPROACHING NOISE OF TRUCK ENGINES SENT THEM DIVING FOR COVER...



THE TRUCKS DREW NEARER AND THEN STOPPED TO DISGORGE THEIR LOADS OF GERMAN SOLDIERS, WHO AT ONCE BEGAN SEARCHING THE FORESHORE WITH FLASHLAMPS. WITH TIGHT-LIPPED EXASPERATION, THE COMMANDOS TURNED UPON THE UNHAPPY JAMIE...



A SICKENING DOUBT KEPT GNAWING AT JAMIE. SOME MEN DID CURIOUS THINGS IN WAR...HAD HIS FATHER INFORMED ON THEM? BUT HIS IMMEDIATE TASK WAS TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF THESE MEN, AND JAMIE FORCED HIMSELF TO THINK...



JAMIE RETRACED HIS STEPS, LEADING THE GRIMLY SILENT MEN BACK INTO THE HILLS, TO A WOOD BUILDING IN A FOREST CLEARING. IT WAS A SMALL SAW MILL BELONGING TO NAAG SVENGE, A BOYHOOD FRIEND OF JAMIE'S.



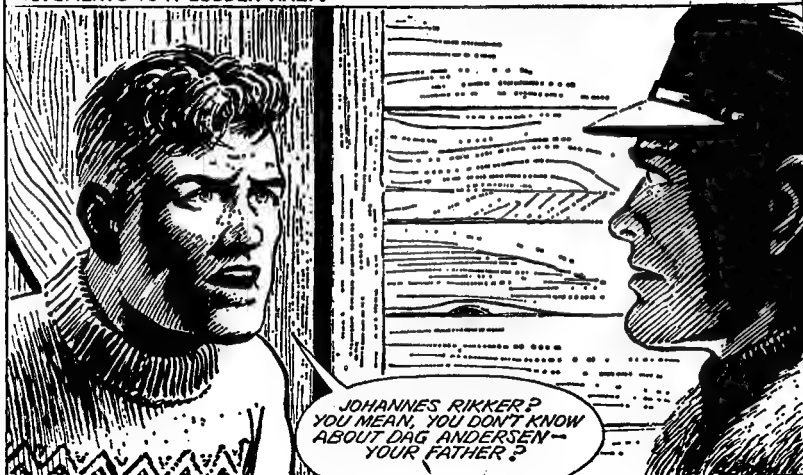
NAAG SVENGE ANSWERED JAMIE'S CAUTIOUS KNOCK, AND LET THEM IN. BUT JAMIE COULD SEE AT ONCE THAT HIS FRIEND WAS IN A HURRY TO BE GONE. FLINGING CLOTHES INTO A BAG, NAAG SPOKE IN JERKY SENTENCES.

THE GESTAPO, JAMIE!
SOMEBODY'S SPLIT ON ME.
GOT TO GET AWAY, QUICK.
THE GAME'S UP!



THIS WAS THE FIRST JAMIE KNEW
OF NAAG'S WORK FOR THE
NORWEGIAN RESISTANCE.

MAYBE NAAG COULD TELL JAMIE WHERE HE WOULD FIND JOHANNES RIKKER, THE SECRET RADIO OPERATOR. THE QUESTION BROUGHT NAAG'S FEVERISH MOVEMENTS TO A SUDDEN HALT.



BEFORE JAMIE COULD DEMAND WHAT THESE STRANGE WORDS MEANT, THERE CAME A SCREECH OF BRAKES AND THE SLAMMING OF CAR DOORS. NAAG FROZE, AS IF TURNED TO STONE, BUT JAMIE ACTED FAST...



JAMIE SENT HIS MEN RACING THROUGH THE LONG DRYING ROOM, TOWARDS THE BACK DOOR AND THE SAFETY OF THE FOREST BEYOND.



AS THEY GAINED THE COVER OF THE TREES, JAMIE SPUN ROUND, HIS QUICK MIND FLIRTING WITH THE IDEA OF DOING BATTLE WITH THE HATED GERMAN SECRET POLICE.

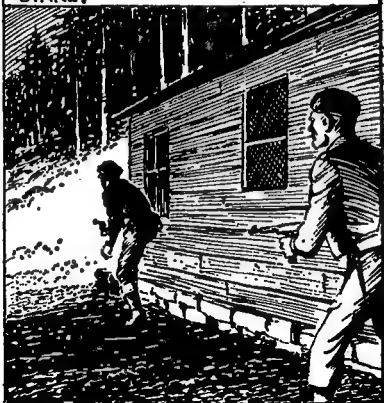


BUT JAMIE'S ORDERS HAD BEEN TO AVOID FIGHTING... IT MIGHT JEOPARDISE THE CHANCES OF THE MAIN FORCE.

THEN TO HIS HORROR, JAMIE FOUND THAT NAAG SVENGE HAD NOT FOLLOWED THEM OUT OF THE BUILDING. GEORDIE McDOUGALL'S FACE WAS GRIM WITH FOREBODING...



THEY HEARD THE ENGINE OF THE GESTAPO CAR SNARL INTO LIFE AGAIN, AND IN AN IMPETUOUS ATTEMPT TO SAVE NAAG, JAMIE RAN THE LENGTH OF THE BUILDING TO INTERCEPT THE ENEMY. A FRIEND'S LIFE WAS AT STAKE!



JAMIE REACHED THE CORNER IN TIME TO WITNESS A SIGHT THAT STOPPED HIM SHORT WITH A SMOTHERED CRY. FOR STEPPING INTO THE WAITING CAR TO JOIN THE GESTAPO AND POOR NAAG WAS A UNIFORMED FIGURE WHICH JAMIE RECOGNISED ONLY TOO WELL. *DAG ANDERSEN, HIS QUISLING FATHER!*



GEORDIE HAD SEEN DAG ANDERSEN TOO ...

WHY DIDN'T
YOU SHOOT, ANDERSEN?
JUST HOW LOW CAN A
NORWEGIAN GET?



GEORDIE'S CYNICAL WORDS SCARCELY REACHED
JAMIE'S SHATTERED WITS. HIS FATHER—
DAG ANDERSEN—BOYHOOD FRIEND AND COMPANION
—NOW A GESTAPO AGENT!

SICK AT HEART, JAMIE WEARILY AGREED THAT THEY SHOULD SHELTER IN THE WARM
DRYING ROOM. HUMILIATED BEYOND WORDS HE SAT DEJECTEDLY ...

CHEER UP,
JAMIE.

WELL MIGHT NAAG
ASK ME—DIDN'T I KNOW
ABOUT MY FATHER? NOW
I KNOW ONLY TOO
WELL!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN OTTO NILSEN AND HIS DETERMINED PARTY HAD CAPTURED THEIR PRIZE AND HAD WEIGHED ANCHOR. INSTANTLY THERE CAME A CHALLENGING SIGNAL FROM THE GERMAN TRAWLER, TO WHICH OTTO LACONICALLY REPLIED WITH A SINGLE WORD — ICE!

PERHAPS THAT
WILL SATISFY THEIR
CURIOSITY.

APPARENTLY THE REPLY WAS CONSIDERED IN ORDER, FOR THERE WAS NO FURTHER REACTION FROM THE TRAWLER.

STANDING AMONGST THE ROCKS OF VAAGSUND ISLAND, MAJOR BECCLES WATCHED THE VESSEL MOVE AWAY AND HIS SATISFACTION WAS TINGED WITH REGRET.

THEY'VE DONE WELL!
I SHOULD HAVE PRESSED ON
WITH THE OTHER BOARDING
PARTIES BUT IT'S TOO LATE
NOW. THE ICE WOULD RIP THE
RAFTS TO PIECES.

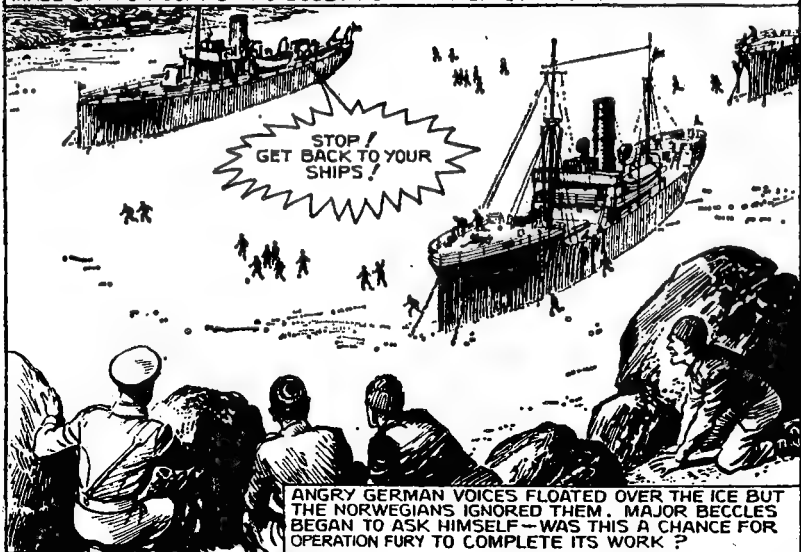
Chapter 5. **END OF SUSPICION**

BY MORNING THE WHOLE STRETCH OF WATER FROM VAAGSUND TO SONVIG WAS COATED WITH ICE. THIS DID NOT SURPRISE VIKKA, WHO BY NOW HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS CHILLY IMMERSION...

THIS ICE
IS A BIT OF A FREAK,
ISN'T IT, VIKKA?

NO, I'VE KNOWN
WHEN ALL THE HARBOURS
UP THE COAST WERE ICE BOUND.
SOON THE VILLAGERS WILL
BE WALKING ON THIS!

BUT IT WAS NOT THE VILLAGERS WHO VENTURED ON TO THE ICE — IT WAS THE CREWS FROM THE TWO NORWEGIAN SHIPS. MAJOR BECCLES AND HIS MEN WATCHED WITH SHARP INTEREST AS THE SEAMEN SLID DOWN ROPES AND MADE OFF FOR SONVIG — NO DOUBT FOR WARMER QUARTERS.



JAMIE AND HIS PARTY NOTICED THIS DEVELOPMENT WITH RENEWED HOPE. AFTER SPENDING AN UNEASY NIGHT AT THE SAW MILL THEY HAD RESIGNED THEMSELVES TO BEING LEFT BEHIND UNTIL THE NEXT SHETLAND RUN.



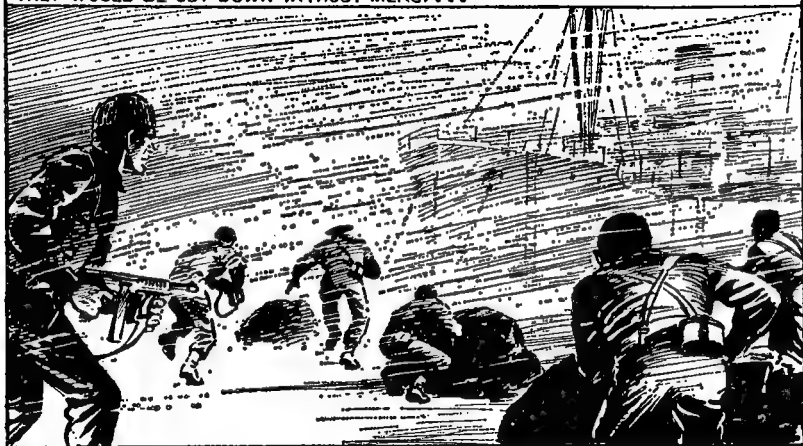
THEY DECIDED TO STAY IN HIDING TILL DARK AND THEN ATTEMPT THE CROSSING TO VAAGSUND. ALL FELT CHEERED—SAVE JAMIE...



MEANWHILE, THE REMAINDER OF THE FORCE, MAROONED ON VAAGSUND ISLAND, ALSO WAITED FOR THE DARK. WHEN IT DID COME, THERE AROSE A COLD DARK MIST OVER THE ICE. NO NORWEGIAN CREW HAD RETURNED TO THEIR SHIPS, AND THE CHANCE TO CAPTURE THE VESSELS SEEMED TOO GOOD TO MISS. BECCLES CONFERRED WITH CROWTHER...



THRUSTING THESE WORRIES ASIDE, MAJOR BECCLES BRIEFED HIS MEN AFRESH AND, WHEN ALL WAS READY, LED THEM LIKE DARK WRAITHS OVER THE MIST-COVERED ICE TOWARDS THEIR TWIN PRIZES—THE SHIPS. IF THEY WERE SEEN, THEY WOULD BE CUT DOWN WITHOUT MERCY...



ALSO AS DARKNESS FELL, JAMIE LED HIS PARTY DOWN TO THE SHORE. ALL WAS QUIET AND THROUGH THE CONCEALING MIST THEY COULD JUST MAKE OUT THE SHAPE OF THE GERMAN TRAWLER, LOCKED IN THE ICE.



FOR A FEW MINUTES JAMIE HESITATED, THEN, JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO MOVE AFTER THEM, A FOOTFALL MADE HIM TURN SHARPLY. IN THAT SAME SECOND A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION SPLIT THE NIGHT, AND IN THE BRIEF LURID FLASH, JAMIE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A MAN ...



WITH THE ECHOES OF THE EXPLOSION AND THE CRIES OF THE TRAWLER-CREW RINGING IN HIS EARS, JAMIE WATCHED HIS FATHER AND HIS EYES WERE PUZZLED.



WHAT ON EARTH'S HE DOING IN THIS DESOLATE SPOT—ARE THE GESTAPO AROUND, LOOKING FOR THE MAN WHO BLEW UP THE TRAWLER? BUT WHO DID BLOW UP THE TRAWLER?

THEN, AS THE LIGHT FROM THE BLAZING TRAWLER PIERCED THE MIST, DAG ANDERSEN TURNED AWAY AND SET OFF INLAND. IN THAT MOMENT, JAMIE KNEW THAT HE MUST FOLLOW HIS FATHER AND UNCOVER THIS MYSTERY.



JAMIE HAD BARELY MOVED A FEW STEPS WHEN A SOFT CALL SPUN HIM ROUND. IT WAS GEORDIE.



WHAT'S KEEPING YOU, JAMIE?

I'M GOING AFTER MY FATHER. YOU'D BETTER GET BACK WITH THE OTHERS.

NO. I'LL COME WITH YOU. YOU'LL NEED HELP IF YOU MIDDLE WITH A TRAITOR IN THE PAY OF THE GESTAPO.

ON THE ICE, THE COMMANDO FORCE HAD SPLIT INTO TWO BOARDING PARTIES. CROWTHER'S MEN, ADVANCING QUIETLY, HAD BOARDED THE NEARER SHIP, MEETING WITH LITTLE RESISTANCE FROM THE FEW HANDS LEFT IN CHARGE.

QUICK, BARNES—
GET YOUR MEN BELOW TO
THE ENGINE ROOM!

AYE, AYE,
SIR!



MEANWHILE, MAJOR BECCLES' PARTY HAD SMARTLY SCALED THE DANGLING ROPE LADDERS OF THE LEADING SHIP AND THEY FOUND EVEN LESS OPPOSITION. IT WAS VIKKA WHO CAME UPON THE ONLY MEMBERS OF THE CREW ABOARD—PLAYING CARDS IN THE MESS DECK.

KEEP PLAYING,
COMRADES. I'LL JUST
WATCH!



MAJOR BECCLES HAD BEEN MUCH PUZZLED BY THE EXPLOSION ON THE TRAWLER AND HE URGED HIS ICE-DYNAMITING PARTY TO HASTEN THEIR EFFORTS



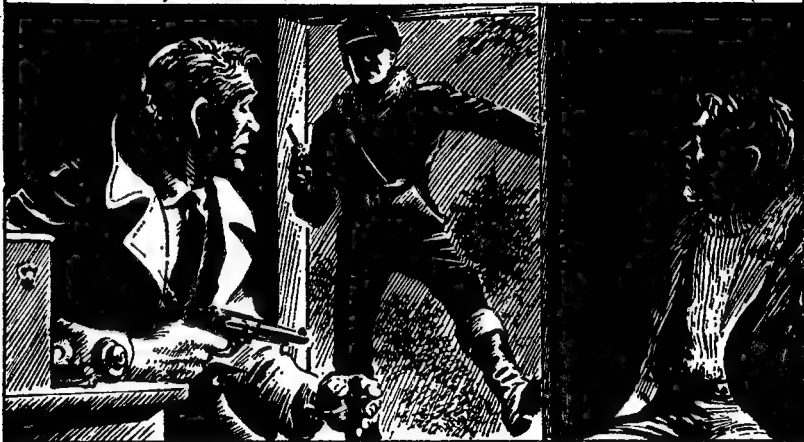
BACK ON THE MAINLAND, JAMIE AND GEORDIE FOLLOWED DAG ANDERSEN TO HIS HOME. THERE THEY SAW THE OLDER MAN PAUSE CAUTIOUSLY BY THE BARN AND THEN STRIKE OFF INTO A THICKET. AT ONCE, JAMIE GUESSED HIS INTENTION ...



SURE ENOUGH, DAG ANDERSEN MADE HIS WAY TO A LITTLE HUT DEEP IN THE WOODS, AND NOT ONCE DID HE SUSPECT THAT HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED.



THEY WAITED A FEW MOMENTS AND THEN JAMIE CREPT STEALTHILY FORWARD. PISTOL IN HAND, HE KICKED OPEN THE DOOR ...



JAMIE SPRANG IN AND KNOCKED THE WEAPON FROM HIS FATHER'S GRASP. BUT IN THAT SAME SECOND HIS ATTENTION WAS SNATCHED BY ANOTHER FACE...A FACE THAT GRINNED AT HIM IN RELIEF...



AND THEN CAME SWIFT EXPLANATIONS THAT ENDED ALL JAMIE'S DOUBTS AND SUSPICIONS...



THERE WAS EVEN GRUDGING ADMIRATION IN GEORIE'S EYES AS DAG ANDERSEN TOLD THE REST OF HIS STORY...

I'VE BAMBOOZLED THE GERMANS INTO BELIEVING I'M A ZEALOUS LEADER OF THE LOCAL NATIONAL FRONT. I'VE WORKED MY WAY INTO THEIR CONFIDENCE—AND INTO THEIR SECRET FILES, AS WELL!

THEN, WHEN THEY CAUGHT JOHANNES RIKKER, I TOOK ON HIS JOB OF SECRET WIRELESS OPERATOR.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS CAME QUICKLY, FOR TIME WAS SHORT. JAMIE WAS TO TAKE THE HUNTED NAAG WITH HIM OUT OF THE COUNTRY WHILE DAG ANDERSEN HAD TO ADDRESS A RALLY OF THE NATIONAL FRONT. FAREWELLS WERE BRIEF BUT HEARTFELT.

GOODBYE, SON. A SAFE JOURNEY BACK.

I'LL SEE YOU ON THE NEXT TRIP, FATHER. PLEASE BE CAREFUL.

YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, MISTER ANDERSEN. IT'S BEEN AN HONOUR TO MEET YOU.



HIS HEART FULL WITH PRIDE, JAMIE LED THE WAY TO THE SHORE.

IT WAS YOUR FATHER, JAMIE, WHO BLEW UP THE GERMAN TRAWLER.



HE'S QUITE A MAN IS YOUR FATHER, JAMIE. I TAKE BACK ALL I SAID ABOUT HIM...

THE THREE MEN HURRIED OVER THE ICE, KEEPING WELL CLEAR OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO WERE MAKING A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE BURNING TRAWLER.

LOOK, THE
CARGO SHIPS ARE
STILL THERE — WE
HAVEN'T BEEN LEFT
BEHIND.



BUT AS THEY APPROACHED THE NEAREST CARGO SHIP, THE SOUNDS OF CONFLICT REACHED THEIR EARS.

THERE'S
FIGHTING ABOARD!
COME ON, THEY
MAY NEED OUR
HELP!



SCRAMBLING UP THE ROPE LADDER, THE THREE FOUND THE DECKS ALIVE WITH FURIOUS HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING. BECCLES' MEN WERE BEING ATTACKED BY A STRONG PARTY OF GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO HAD BEEN SENT TO SAFEGUARD THE SHIP.



THE GERMANS WERE TOUGH, TRAINED TROOPS AND THE ISSUE HUNG DANGEROUSLY IN THE BALANCE.



BUT WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE THREE FRESH YOUNGSTERS, AIDED BY THE ENGINEERS CALLED UP FROM BELOW, THE COMMANDOS BEGAN TO GET THE UPPER HAND.

RIGHT, JACKSON—WE'LL
HANDLE THE REST—GET YOUR
CHAPS BACK TO THE ENGINE
ROOM!

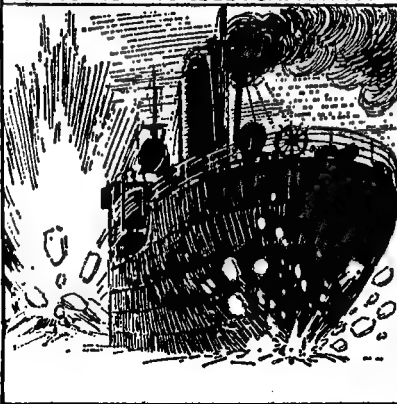
RIGHT AWAY,
SIR!

ON THE SECOND SHIP, TOO, THERE WAS A PITCHED BATTLE AS CROWTHER'S MEN BEAT OFF ENEMY ATTEMPTS TO GET ABOARD...

WATCH
THE OTHER SIDE,
CHIEF!

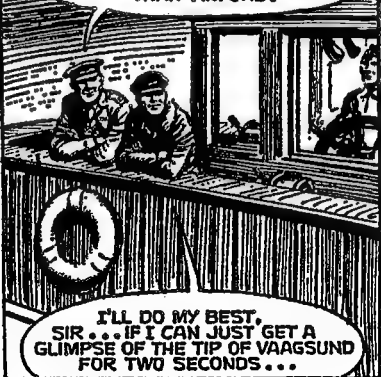
AYE, AYE,
SIR!

IN THE LEADING SHIP, THE ENGINEERS WORKED FURIOUSLY IN THE ENGINE ROOM AND SOON THE GREAT SCREWS BEGAN TO CHURN. AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE ICE AHEAD WAS SHATTERED AS THE DYNAMITE CHARGES EXPLODED. THE VESSEL BEGAN TO EDGE FORWARD...



THE MOMENT THE GERMANS WERE ALL OVERPOWERED, MAJOR BECCLES CALLED JAMIE TO THE BRIDGE TO HELP THE HELMSMAN STEER THROUGH THE SWIRLING MIST.

STAND BY, YOUNGSTER—
YOU KNOW THIS COAST BETTER
THAN ANYONE.



I'LL DO MY BEST,
SIR... IF I CAN JUST GET A
GLIMPSE OF THE TIP OF VAAGSUND
FOR TWO SECONDS...

THE SHIP'S SCREWS THRASHED WILDLY AND THE SHIP SHUDDERED AS THE GREAT WEIGHT MOVED INTO THE NARROW LANE OF WATER. SLOWLY BUT STEADILY, THE BOWS BEGAN CRUNCHING THROUGH THE ICE AHEAD, PILING IT ASIDE IN GREAT SLABS.



BUT CROWTHER'S SHIP WAS HELD FAST. AND THEN A SHORE BATTERY FIRED A BLIND SALVO OF SHELLS WHICH STRADDLED THE TWO SHIPS, SPLITTING THE ICE ASUNDER.



PURSUED BY A VAIN GERMAN BOMBARDMENT, THE TWO SHIPS CHURNED STEADILY FORWARD. THEN JAMIE GOT THE BRIEF SIGHT OF VAAGSUND HE REQUIRED TO STEER A COURSE TO OPEN SEA.

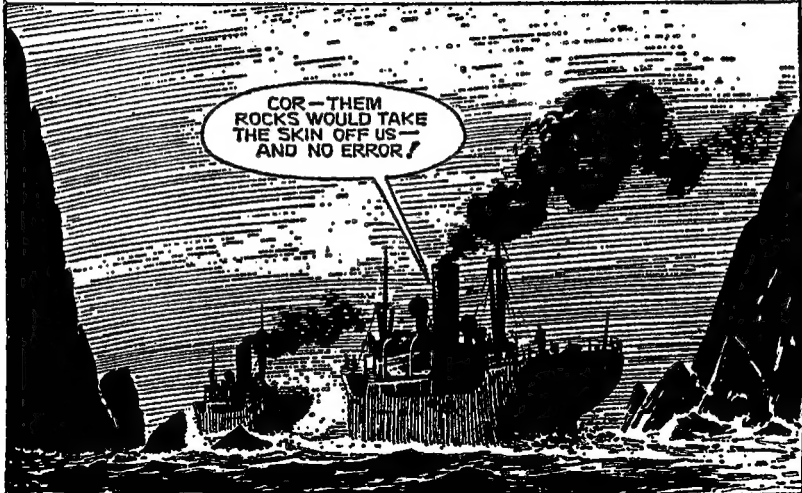


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WHILE HIS SHIPMATES WATCHED WITH HEARTS IN THEIR MOUTHS, JAMIE FOUND THE ROCK-BOUND OPENING, AND STEERED SAFELY THROUGH, WITH THE OTHER VESSEL FOLLOWING CLOSE IN THEIR WAKE.



BY DAYLIGHT THEY HAD REACHED BRITISH-PATROLLED WATERS, AND IN DUE TIME THEY WERE ENTERING SHETLAND'S TINY HARBOUR TO RECEIVE A GREAT WELCOME. THERE THEY JOINED THE SHIP CAPTURED BY CAPTAIN OTTO NILSEN.



IT WAS A VERY HAPPY JAMIE WHO WENT ASHORE AT THE SHETLAND BASE. AND, OLD McDUGALL, ON HEARING THE STORY FROM GEORDIE, STRODE ACROSS THE QUAY TO SHAKE HIS GRANDSON'S HAND.



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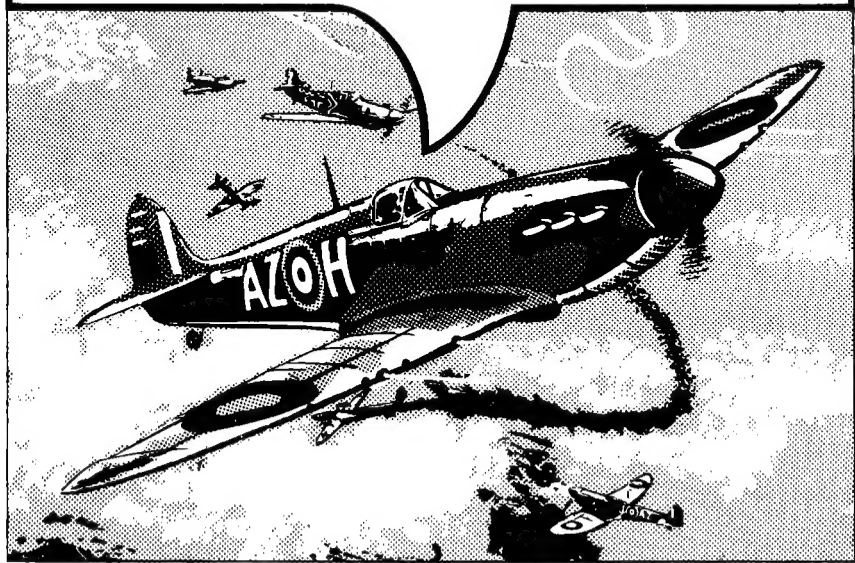
**THESE
TWO GREAT
HOLIDAY
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STORIES OF
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PULLING OUT, CHAPS!
THEY HAVEN'T THE **RANGE**
AIRFIX HAVE GOT!**



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